

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 12.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1804.

[WHOLE No. 116.]

Bromley Helmot ;

A NOVEL.

CHAP. I.

The benevolent cottager—The distressed wanderer—and the country clergyman.

IN the middle of the most dreary moor to be found throughout the whole county of Cornwall, and beneath a clump of venerable firs, stood the shattered remains of a cottage, which had for twenty years afforded shelter for the humble family of Paul Butley. In the useful and laborious occupation of a wood-cutter, he contrived to support a wife and three children in a state of comfortable decency ; luxury or elegance being words with which they were wholly unacquainted.—Bridget was, indeed, a good-natured, notable woman, who loved to have every thing cleanly and comfortable about her ; and more healthy, tidy-looking little ones were not to be found, for thirty miles round, than her own.

One cold, stormy night, at the close of autumn. Paul being rather late absent than usual, Bridget began to be filled with uneasy apprehensions concerning his safety, and, in order to make his home as cheerful as possible for him against his return, prepared a jug of hot elder wine, of her own manufac-

turing, knowing it to be a beverage of which he was exceedingly fond.

As it began to get dark her terrors increased ; and after looking out every way herself, she sent her eldest son Tommy (a fine chubby-faced boy), into the wood, desiring him to halloo, and know if his father was coming.—The boy came running back in a few minutes, and, putting a young child into her hand, said—"My daddy told me to run on with this baby ; he is bringing a woman along as fast as he can."

He had scarce finished speaking before Paul came in sight, bearing in his arms a female, to all appearance dead.

"My good dame," said he, entering, "stir yourself, and get some medicine for this poor soul. I found her lying in this state amongst the snow, and I fear she is frozen to death, I have had the utmost difficulty in bringing her along. But is the infant safe?"

Bridget assured him it was, and consigned it to his care, while she chafed the hands and temples of the stranger with spirits, and administered a little of the wine that was so fortunately ready, both to the woman and infant ; the latter of whom was in a fair way of doing well ; but the former they found, to their infinite concern, was too far gone for recovery, and, although she did not expire immediately, lived not to utter any arti-

culate sound. The distressed cottagers gazed on each other with dismay, while pity suppressed every selfish concern.

"Merciful goodness !" cried Bridget, "what is now to be done ? We are in a pretty situation with a poor child here, and no one to take care of it !"

"I hope, Bridget," replied Paul, "you will not refuse to do that, should we find none else more willing. But let us search the pockets."

They did so, but, to their great mortification, found them to contain only a few halfpence, a silver thimble, and an ivory tablet, upon the first leaf of which was written—"Frances Melmot, 1792," and some memorandums, evidently written so as not to be understood by any one but the writer.

No satisfaction was to be derived from this, and they mutually turned a desponding look upon the corpse before them :—it was the remains of a lovely young woman, apparently not more than three and twenty.

Her person was thin, and emaciated, but genteelly made ; and her dress was plain and neat, but not at all adapted for travelling, though the state of her shoes denoted that she had walked far.

The child naturally became the next

object of their attention. It was a pretty little boy, not more than two or three months old. His cloaths were good, but worn and discolored; and over his left eye-brow was a deep scar, the only mark about him. How to act they were entirely ignorant. Their income was scarcely sufficient to support their own family; but humanity forbade them to turn an innocent and helpless infant out to starve,

After much consideration, Paul at length suggested an expedient, which was to go to Saltash, of which Mr. Bromley was rector, and acquaint him with the particulars, not doubting but that, as he was a pious, good man, he would give them the best advice. Accordingly Paul set out for the Parsonage, and, finding Mr. Bromley, related to him the whole adventure; asking his advice.

"I know not, indeed, my honest friend," replied the Rector, in answer to Paul's solicitous enquiries, "what you can do. However, I will draw up an advertisement, stating the circumstances, which I will have inserted in the papers.—But first I will accompany you home, and make some farther investigation into this mystery.

Paul being perfectly well satisfied with this determination, they both repaired to the cottage. Bridget had stripped the body, and laid it out decently in the best room, and now sat giving food to the foundling, while her own children gathered round, to admire and share the repast of the little stranger.

The arrival of the Clergyman dispersed the timid group, who immediately retired to a respectful distance, while Paul put into Mr. Bromley's hands the memorials they had found on the deceased. The countenance of the Rector changed as he looked on the signature in the tablet, and he desired to see the defunct. Bridget removed the cloth which covered her face: in an instant he started, turned pale, and a tear trembled in his eye. He stooped nearer, and took a minute survey of every feature, murmuring in a broken voice—

"Strange recollection! Yet it cannot be! No—no—'tis impossible! But the name——" Then turning to Paul and Bridget, who stood viewing him in

mute surprise, he said—"My good friends, the figure before us reminds me so strongly of a dear and only relative, that I cannot suppress the emotions which remembrance excites. The circumstance has made a deep impression on my mind, and I am determined not to slight the monitor within me; whether my suspicions are just, or not, I am confirmed in the intentions I from the first moment adopted. This unhappy female shall be interred with all proper decorum in our parish church, the expense of which I will myself be answerable for, as also for the maintenance of the child, which I hope you will favor me by taking charge of, as you know I have no family of my own, neither am I likely to have any; so that I can very well spare a little out of my annual income, as my own wants are but few."

Paul assured him, and with sincerity, that both himself and wife were heartily willing to keep the child, in their poor way as long as it lived, without desiring any emolument; which he considered as rendering an act of charity mankind should always be ready to show to each other in time of necessity; a duty, of which Mr. Bromley himself so strongly and constantly reminded them from the pulpit, and by the practice of his own life enforced.

Fearing lest, by some accident or chance, the child should have been deprived of baptism, Mr. Bromley judged it necessary to perform the sacred ceremony himself, and to give the infant his own surname with that of Melmot.

This done, he ordered every thing necessary for the funeral, and in the course of a week the remains of the unfortunate wanderer were interred in the burial ground of the parish church with pious solemnity.

About three days after the burial a stranger demanded an audience of Mr. Bromley: he was admitted, and, in the broad Cornish dialect, said he came in consequence of an advertisement that had been seen by one of his customers in the newspaper; for the good man himself, although he kept the Black Lion, could not read. He then proceeded thus with his information.

"And so, reverend Zur, you must know az how a young woman, such as

was tould of in yore papur, came to my houz about a fortnight agone. Zhe had a young child in her arms, and zeemed much troubled in her mind, for zhe did nothing but write bits and scraps of papur, and burn 'em again; and, all I could do, I could make her take nothing but a glass of zyder and a bun, for zhe zeemed main tired, but said zhe could not zleep un zhe went to bed; zo, God forgive me, for I feared zhe was going to do zummut amiss with the child; zo bezure I was not zorry when zhe went away: but before zhe went zhe gave this letter to my wife, and desired her to zend it to the post; but, zure enough, mistress forgot it, and here it is: zo if it be of any zarvice to you, you be right welcome to un; for wife zhe be not larned enough to understand zuch faine writing."

Mr. Bromley took the letter with eagerness, and, giving the man something for his trouble, dismissed him, not wishing to expose his feelings before the ignorant inn-keeper. He was no sooner out of sight than he hastily broke the seal.—His emotions may be conceived on reading the following.

"To the Hon. Augustus Montague,

BATH.

"READ! read! cruel Montague! it is the injured Fanny Bromley who now, probably for the last time, addresses you.

"'Tis her, whom you once swore to protect with your life and fortune; whom you now leave the hapless victim of her credulity. How much I once loved, the implicit confidence I placed in your honor may evince. So much do I now detest the wretch, who can forget vows registered in Heaven, and plight his perjured faith at the altar to another! You are married! Well—well—never may my image rise to disturb your tranquility. All in my power shall be done to insure you peace in this world; every pledge of your attachment shall be destroyed, but one—ah! the thought chills me—your child! But I will remove far, far from your sight. I will seek my much-injured father; the dear, venerable man, that was abandoned by his unnatural daughter for a false, designing villain! Him will I seek, and prostrate on the earth implore that forgiveness—I have granted you!!

"Farewel, Augustus, farewel! I feel this last shock will be too much for me. Can I but reach my father's first, 'twill be enough. I have no money; your last supply is exhausted, and I will draw for no more; I have no longer a right to it—I would not wrong your wife! At Plymouth I sold your picture, which defrayed the expenses of my journey hither, and now all is expended. No matter—I can walk; though they tell me 'tis bitter cold, I feel it not; I am burning with heat, and I fear to scorch my infant when I press my lips to his. Ah! Montague, when you receive this, I shall be cold enough! I have wandered a great way, and I am very tired. It is my opinion the people think me mad; for when I ask my road, they laugh, and stare at me so rudely, that I feel the tears scald my cheeks!—Oh! when shall I find rest!"

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL CHARACTER OF CURRAN, THE IRISH ORATOR.

IF it were worth while to combat the notion that descent, that nobility should alone be a passport to honor and virtue, the history of this man would furnish the refutation. From no worm-eaten statutes, from no musty records of nobility, does he derive his title to honor, or his claim to reputation. He searched no herald's office to ascertain the age of his tribe; he bribed no Court favorite to revive some title, which was extinct in his favor. The star and garter, with all those other gewgaws which amuse so many children in the shape of men, held out no temptation to him. Overlooking all such puerile distinctions he threw himself on the resources of his mind, resting his claim on the judgment of his contemporaries and posterity.

To the unaccommodating spirit of the Spartan, is joined, in him, the polish, the delicacy of Athenian manners. Now he reaches the point in debate by a few bold and nervous sentences, expressed with laconic vigor and epigrammatic spirit: now, his words appear to move only to the melodious cadences of Attic harmony. The Spartan economy is forgotten, and an imagination,

luxuriant beyond all account, is permitted to range as it were in despite of control and in derision of method, in all the poignancy of satire.

The voice of this man happily corresponds with his genius; easily, by its compass and flexibility, accommodating itself to the several passions he wishes to convey. It is a clear medium by which he is enabled to transfuse his spirit into his hearers, and kindle in their hearts an enthusiasm in defence of liberty; which like the Greek fire, is not afterwards to be extinguished.

When his soul is enflamed with the frantic excesses of tyranny, the darkness on his brow gives notice of the tempest that is gathering; while the lightning in his eye, an unerring precursor, announces the thunder that is to follow. His invective is keen, is terrible, is desolating. The great lords of the court tremble on their bench, surrounded by guards, and clad in purple and ermine; whilst like a minister of divine wrath, he denounces against them the vengeance of heaven, and the curses of posterity. The spies of the government have been known to faint under his examination, alledging that they were unable to bear the fire of his eloquence and the torture of his interrogatories.

He is small of stature, and of visage sallow and wan; but when he opens his lips, his personal defects vanish; his stature reaches the clouds, and he appears to be alone, graceful and lovely in the creation. You are under a species of enchantment similar to what Horace alludes to in his art of poetry, when the skillful dramatist transports you sometimes to Thebes, sometimes to Athens. Curran is indeed a magician, who enchains the imagination of his hearers, and the spell is of such potency, that neither wisdom nor ignorance have any charm to resist it.

When he harangues in defence of the rights of mankind, the most bigoted are in love with liberty and virtue; whilst with a masterly hand he portrays the miseries of Ireland, not a dry eye is to be seen; the court is drowned in tears. Corrupt juries, packed and empanelled for the special purpose of condemnation, so softened and touched by his eloquence, resign to him their victim; the prison doors fly open at his approach, the chains fall from the hands of the

victims. He is the angel of mercy, whose lips, touched with fire by the Almighty, whisper hope in the dungeon of despair, and speak deliverance to the captive.

But to form a correct estimate of this wonderful man, you must consider him not merely as an orator, as a man distinguished in a single walk of department of literature. Men in general have their strong ground in which lies their peculiar excellence or strength. But this is not the case with him; in every thing he is great, in every thing equal. He is as it were, a centre in the circle of the sciences; an attractive and luminous focus, on which rays are incessantly falling from all parts of the orb; a profound mathematician, a logician acute, subtle and persuasive, a philosopher elegantly speculative and profoundly erudite; a wit sometimes lashing vice with the wrath and indignation of Juvenal, sometimes tittering at folly with the elegant and courtly irony of Flaccus; a politician, clear sighted, steady and incorruptible; an orator realizing and transcending the definition of Cicero.

Enquirer.

TO SNUFF-TAKERS, SMOKERS, AND CHEWERS OF TOBACCO.

IT is difficult to contemplate man in a more absurd and ridiculous light, than in his attachment to Tobacco; a weed, not more nauseous to the taste, than it is unfriendly to health and morals. Its influence upon both is here proposed to be exhibited in a concise manner, for the serious consideration of those who are addicted to its use.

And first—its effects on health.—It may be asserted, on the highest medical authority, that the use of tobacco impairs the appetite; that it promotes indigestion, through the waste of the saliva in chewing and smoking: that it promotes many of those disorders which are seated in the nerves—as tremors in the hands, head-ache, epilepsy, palsy, apoplexy, and many other complaints. The hot smoke of tobacco has destroyed a whole set of teeth in a very short time; and, as well as chewing, it fouls the mouth, and necessarily renders the breath very offensive. The use of snuff injures the voice, by obstructing the

nose ; it renders the complexion of a disagreeable color, and also taints the sweetest breath with the rank odour of a tobacco cask. For this reason the ladies of fashion in France, it is said, seldom take snuff till they marry, a very high compliment, no doubt, to their husbands ! The memory has likewise been entirely lost by an excessive use of snuff. This was the case with JOHN PRINGLE, President of the Royal Society of London ; but after following the advice of his friend Dr. FRANKLIN, to desist from taking snuff, he very soon regained his powers of memory, though at a very advanced age.

Secondly—its effects on morals.—Smoking and chewing promote a thirst for strong drink, which leads to intemperance and drunkenness. Smoking disposes to idleness, which is the root of many evils. The use of tobacco is necessarily connected with a neglect of cleanliness, which, for its favorable effect on morals, ought to be ranked among the cardinal virtues. Smoking is offensive to those who do not smoke ; and to smoke, therefore, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners—to these may be added, that smoking segars is a very common cause of accidents by fire, as the daily reports in our newspapers of destructive conflagrations will testify.

The friends of tobacco use two arguments in its favor: 1st, That it is a preservative from contagious diseases, but facts contradict this idea. HOWARD, the philanthropist, proved it had no efficacy in checking the contagion of the plague ; and experience in this country has amply ascertained that it is equally ineffectual against the influenza or yellow fever.—2d, That smoking and snuff relieve that uneasiness which arises from eating a too plentiful meal.—A far more rational and effectual remedy would be to eat less ; and thereby derive the additional advantage of avoiding the sin of gluttony.

To conclude—The greatest philosophers and physicians uniformly condemn the use of tobacco. Dr. FRANKLIN, a few months before his death, declared with exultation, that he never used tobacco, in any way, in the course of his long life ; and it is believed that WASHINGTON could make the same boast. Dr. RUSH has written an Essay against it, from which several of the facts here introduced are derived.

Arouse then, O ye Snuff-takers, Chewers and Smokers ! Exert yourselves to overcome this destructive and growing evil.—The inhabitants of the United States are said to consume more tobacco than any other civilized nation on earth, or than any uncivilized, the Turks only excepted. Are you, then, ambitious to bear away the palm from the Mahometans, for those unentiable qualities, which that indolent, ignorant, and barbarous nation of smokers proverbially possess ?

THE HEAD UNORNAMENTED, THE MOST ATTRACTIVE.

(From Mariti's Travels.)

THE head, of itself, is the masterpiece of nature ; and I would gladly persuade the fair sex that all foreign ornaments destroy its effect.—It occupies the highest and most conspicuous part in the human figure. Nature has omitted nothing that could embellish the face : she has spread over it a fresh and delicate complexion ; and rendered it still more striking by the beautiful enamel of two rows of teeth, disposed with the utmost art.—She has made it the seat of smiles and of modesty. The brilliant sense of seeing animates and enlivens the scene. On each side are suspended the organs of hearing ; and the least motion in the human body becomes the source of agreeable modulation and enchanting expressions. She has given it attitudes, graces and motions, of which words can convey but an imperfect idea. The hair hangs over it ; and, like a light and floating shade, sets off its beauties to admiration. In short, she has imprinted on it the seal of perfection ; and the head serves, in some measure, as a cupola, to the most elegant of her works. To overload it with superfluous ornaments, is to destroy its admirable proportion ; and to substitute, in the place of real beauties, childish and ridiculous toys.

(From a London paper.)

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

IN our paper of last week, we mentioned the marriage of a young gentleman in the wine trade, with a fortune

of £8000 to a young woman, the daughter of a cottager at Harrow ; the following are some further particulars :—

On Friday the aunt and the young bride, her niece, proceeded in a glass coach to Harrow ; upon their arrival at the first inn in the village, while the aunt remained to give orders about the dinner, the blushing bride was dispatched to her father's cottage, to request the company of both her parents to partake of it. They embraced her with delight ; but perceiving the superior style of her dress to what they had ever seen her in before, they began with eager solicitude to question her how she became possessed of clothes so far above her situation in life ? She modestly referred them to her aunt, assuring them she had acted entirely by her advice, and that she was then at Mr. Law's, and hoped for their company to dine with her there.—

At Mr. Law's, child ? exclaimed the good mother, why that is the house where all the quality go—what have we to do there ? No matter replied the daughter ; my aunt is there, and wishes to see you as soon as possible. As soon as they had dressed themselves, Sherman, the cottager, in his white flannel jacket, and his wife in her best home-spun, set off with their beloved daughter to the inn.

Being arrived, and seated for a few minutes, the aunt who is sister to the father, after requesting their particular attention, she briefly as possible, acquainted them with Jenny's good fortune. During the relation the poor parents mutually folded their arms across their breasts gazing on each other in silent astonishment, for speech was utterly denied to them ; till, at length, as if impelled by the same instinct, they both leaped to embrace their child, and a copious shower of tears coming to their aid, in a few moments restored their agitated spirits to such a state of tranquility as enabled them to bestow on her their blessing, and warmest wishes for her future happiness. To divert their attention as much as possible from the immediate cause of their affectionate emotions, the charming bride went to a trunk that stood in the room, and taking out two small bundles, presented one to each of her parents, entreating them to accept at her hands, a Sunday and a holiday suit, which she had brought with her, and wished they

would so far oblige her as to put them on immediately. They willingly retired for the purpose, and while they were dressing, the aunt informed Mr. and Mrs. Laws and family of the whole circumstances above related, as the happy occasion of her that day's visit to Harrow, assuring them that till she had seen the ceremony finished, she could scarcely believe it was not a dream. The dinner was soon after served.

In the course of the morning the house had filled with several fashionable parties, who, as soon as they returned from their different excursions, were informed severally by Mr. Laws and his waiters of the wedding of the cottager's daughter, and the circumstances attending it, in which from the highest to the lowest, all felt so deep an interest, that a general order was given by the company in each room, to apprize them when the coach was ordered to the door.

Our heroine sent, in the mean time, for the owner of the cottage, paid him what arrears of rent were due, and a twelve-month in advance; and just before she announced the necessity of returning to town, she put into her father and mother's hands, a purse containing more pieces of gold than at any time they had ever possessed before. Thus ended the first filial attention of this dutiful and affectionate rustic.

About half past five o'clock the coach was at the door, and the windows of every room in the front as well as the doorway, were crowded with elegant company, all anxious to see the separation of this happy groupe.

The cottager, who was a fine figure of a man, about forty years of age, with a manly and expressive face, first led his sister to the coach, and handed her in; the tender mother followed leaning on her charming daughter; their eyes suffused with tears of joy and affection. When arrived at the coach, she hung on Jenny's neck for more than a minute, and whilst her father gently drew her from her mother's arms, an elegant lady, who had closely followed them to the coach, in the kindest manner, till the coach driving off, her husband hastened to relieve her.

Thus departed the fortunate and amiable cottager's daughter, attended not

only by the blessings of her enraptured parents, but of all those who witnessed this pathetic scene. The parents returned to their humble cot, amidst the congratulations of all their neighbors, who heard the news of the day, and came to witness the truth of it.

IMPERIAL LITERARY ANECDOTE.

GIFFORD, in the notes to his translation of Juvenal's 7th Satire, which is on the subject of the general discouragement under which literature labored at Rome, repeats a very good story told by Macrobius:—

"A Greek poet had presented Augustus Cæsar with many little compliments, in hopes of some trifling remuneration. The Emperor who found them worth nothing, took no notice of the poor man; but as he persisted in offering his complimentary verses, composed himself an epigram in praise of the poet; and when he next waited on him with his customary panegyric, presented his own to him with amazing gravity. The man took, and read it with apparent satisfaction; then putting his hand into his pocket, he deliberately drew out two farthings, and gave them to the Emperor, saying, 'This is not equal to the demands of your situation, Sire; but 'tis all I have: If I had more I would give it to you.' Augustus, who was not an ill-natured man, could not stand this; he burst into a fit of laughter, and, as Macrobius says, made the poet a handsome present."

THE YOUNG LADIES' CATECHISM.

Quest. **F**OR what end did you come into the world.

A. To get a husband.

Q. What is the way to get a husband.

A. To dress, dance, chat, play, and go to all manner of public places, except church, for fear of being called a fanatic.

Q. What is the duty of a husband.

A. To please his wife.

Q. What is the duty of a wife.

A. To please herself.

R. Are there no more duties incumbent on you as a fine lady?

A. Yes I must be deaf, dumb, and blind, as occasions require: deaf to the voice of duns, and all such poor relations as most easily beset me; dumb when my husband remonstrates; and blind to the whole race of city acquaintances or country cousins.

Q. Are you not to have any regard to a future state.

A. Yes; after having maintained a good reputation as long as I can, I am to exchange it for a separate maintenance, unless I wish to marry my gallant; and then I must accuse my husband, obtain a divorce, and bidding a long farewell to this cold climate, court the mild breezes, and taste the lasting pleasures of the continent.

ANECDOTE OF TURENNE.

THE eulogium given to M. de Turenne will be confirmed by posterity. He did a noble action, the simple recital of which is equal to the most eloquent praises. A deputation, from a town in Germany, offered him one hundred thousand crowns, if he would refrain from passing his army through that town. I cannot in conscience accept your present, answered he, because it was not my intention to have passed through it.

WOMEN PAINTING.

DAMON says that a fine woman who paints shows a bad taste, to touch so finished a piece and by so celebrated an artist. An ugly woman, who has recourse to the same artifice, expects, by art, to repair the injury which nature has done her, without reflecting that she increases the variance.

ANECDOTE OF SCARRON.

SCARRON, when dying, saw his friends weeping round his bed: Ah! my friends, said he, I shall never make you cry so much as I have made you laugh.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 22, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 38 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 12—apoplexy, 1—asthma, 1—convulsions 4—debility 1—decay 3—dropsy 1—dropsy in the head 2—inflammation of the brain 1—inflammation of the bowels, 1—old age 1—rash 1—sore throat, malignant 1—sprue 2—Suicide 1—teething 1—and 4 have been permitted to die of the *SMALL POX*!!!

Of the whole number 9 were of and under the age of 1 year—3 between the age of 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—2 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—4 between 30 and 40—1 between 50 and 60—4 between 60 and 70—4 between 70 and 80—1 between 80 and 90—and 1 between 90 and 100.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE

From burning to death.

On the 14th of last month, about 1 o'clock in the morning, a lady of the name of Bowman, whose husband (captain of the *Duckenfield West-Indiaman*) is at sea, unfortunately set her head-dress on fire by a candle, as she slept with her head dress on a table, which instantly communicated to her clothes, and before any assistance could get to her (the rest of the family being in bed and asleep) burned her whole body, from head to foot, in a manner impossible to describe, not hardly an atom of her cloathing but was reduced to tinder, and her stays, which are still to be seen, burned to a calx. From her knees to the crown of her head was a complete cinder; her flesh in many parts particularly her breast, breaking open as if lacerated by a knife; her arms, from the fingers end to the armpits, were as if roasted, and nothing but a groan indicated life. In this deplorable condi-

tion, the master of the house, after risking his life in extinguishing the flames, which, when he got to the woman, had communicated to the floor and wainscoting of the passage where she lay, called in a gentleman of the faculty who immediately rendered her all the assistance the moment would allow; and, though he despaired for three days of saving her life, he, by a method of treatment quite new, hath brought her to a state of recovery little short of miraculous; and, though at this time plastered all over her body, he hopes to see her out and recovered in three weeks time. What is most extraordinary is the stopping an alarming mortification which, on the fourth day, had begun in both her breasts.

Lon. pap.

A vast quantity of cloves were lately destroyed by fire at Amboyna: it broke out in a clove plantation, and is stated to have originated in the friction of two trees against each other during an uncommon high wind. The flames raged with great violence for two days and a night, devouring every thing in its course. Some villages, and several depots of grain, have likewise been destroyed.

During a ball at Portland, some evil-minded person or persons entered the drawing-room, and threw a number of great-coats, &c. into the fire, some of which were consumed, and the flames endangered the hall before the discovery was made. A liberal reward is offered for the apprehension of the perpetrators.

Lucian Bonaparte, it is said, has fallen in love with an *Irish* lady at Milan, and is about to lead her to the nuptial shrine. He has been very rash in daring to *fall in love* without the permission of his Imperial Brother; and if he presumes to marry his *Irish* beauty, that brother will probably treat such a degenerate alliance in such an august family as more than an *Irish blunder*.

The supreme fashion among the Pa-

risian belles is to wear upon the left temple a *paridise plume*, reversed, with the end of the quill concealed behind the ear, a profusion of diamonds, and the hair in loose curls upon the forehead.

The young ladies of Paris are assigned four different courses of study for the four seasons of the year.—In *Autumn*, they learn to *ride*; in *Winter*, they learn to *dance*; in *Spring*, they study *botany*; and in *Summer*, they learn to *swim*.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Two Promenade Dresses.—1. A round dress of white muslin, with long sleeves. A Barcelona handkerchief crossed over the bosom and tied behind. A scarf cloak of worked muslin. A straw hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with a blue feather.

2. A dress of Cambric muslin; the sleeves short and drawn up on the top of the arm, to form an epaulette.—a black lace spencer cloak, trimmed all around. A large straw hat, tied under the chin with a pink handkerchief.

Nine Heads.—1. A large straw bonnet, turned up before and behind, and tied under the chin with pink ribbands.

2. A close morning bonnet of blue silk,

3. A straw hat turned up in front.

4 and 5. The most fashionable hair head dresses.

6. An Obi hat, of straw or chip.

7. A morning bonnet of fine straw, turned up in front, and tied under the chin with a pink silk handkerchief.

8. A cap of white muslin, with a full lace border; the top of the crown made open to admit the hair and trimmed round with lace; a wreath of oak leaves round the front.

9. A cap of white crape, trimmed with lilac.

Observations.—The prevailing colors are blue, pink, purple and yellow.—Dresses continue to be made very low over the back and bosom, and very short waisted. The sleeves are generally trimmed with lace, and fastened on the top of the arm with a broach. Lace is much used in every part of the dress.



MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. William Ricketts, merchant, to Miss Eliza L. Van Cortlandt, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. Mr. James Durham, to Miss Margaret King, both of this city.

On Tuesday the 11th inst. at Staten Island, Mr. Joseph, G. Totten, to Miss Mary Coverly, both of that place.



DIED,

At Philadelphia, of a consumption, Mr. Thomas Dalton, printer, a native of Canada; but for some time past resident in Philadelphia.

On Friday morning last week, Mr. Greig, aged 37 years, a native of Scotland.

Also Mrs. Smith, wife of William Smith, block-maker.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 24th,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

THE COMEDY OF

JOHN BULL.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A PANTOMIME, called,

LISE F.T COLLIN

NEW

Christmas Pieces,

For Sale at this Office.

WANTED,

An APPRENTICE to the Carving and Gilding Business.—Apply to

JOHN LEMAIRE,
No. 40, Barclay-street.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINES

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.

Price 25 cents.

FANCY BASKETS AND WOOD-EN WARE.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 16, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the Magnet, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Knitting Baskets, of different sizes. Childrens Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plate and Cake Baskets. Quadrille Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-matts. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails, Brast, Iron and Wooden bound. Caskets, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvita Pestle and Mortars. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.

In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DE-CAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCOR-BUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthy red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS,
AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West
of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY—Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. 111, for the Encouragement of Literature.

A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lilly Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologise for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. I, a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 104 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

THE VISITOR.

JOE MILLER,

PETER PINDARISED.

*For the Visitor.*

ELEGY,
ON THE DEATH OF
A SWINE.

MUTE is that tongue which late would squeal
so shrill,
Close'd are those eyes oft to thy safety true;
Unnerv'd the limbs which oft so nimbly mov'd,
When the replenish'd trough stood full in view.

The cruel knife has drank thy spouting blood,
And unrelenting pierc'd thy beating heart,
Has laid thee weltering in a crimson flood,
And soon forever, must thy breath depart.

No more thou'lt range the wood, by instinct led,
Or, with thy kindred pigs, the spacious field,
In search of nut or acorn newly shed,
Or root nutritious 'neath the turf conceal'd;

No more with mischief fraught, and nose upheld,
Seek the sly breach in fence or tumbling wall,
Through which to steal, and in the cultur'd field
Lay waste and riot on the lab'rer's toil.

Ah! little didst thou think, when in the sty
Thy master fed thee with such watchful care,
With corn, potatoes boil'd, and mouldy rye,
Thy life would pay for such delicious fare.

Full many a bard in lofty verse has sung
The praise of heroes and of patriots true,
Of wisdom's sons; and in sweet melting strains
Fond lovers oft the listening maidens woo.

And not alone have themes like these inspir'd
The maddening, sublime, or melting song.
But broken mugs, pipes, cats, and dogs have fir'd
The Muse to sing with pity-waking tongue.

Shall then thy parting breath expire unsung,
Thou swine of varied and sensual worth?
Shall black oblivion enshroud thy fate?
Forbid it Justice stern, forbid it truth.

Thy passing worth, when smoaking on the board
Thou'rt laid; and briskly move the knife and
fork,
The gorging epicure shall oft declare,
And all who like fat bacon or good pork.

ANSELMO.

A LONDON Jockey well known for a fool,
Whose saddle might be aptly styl'd a mule,
Since when he rode, it ever came to pass,
That 'twas a something, 'twixt a horse and ass;

Once left the town,
And as most travellers will,
Went often down,
And often up a hill;
At length a steep of fearful height,
Struck our horseman's wond'ring sight:
But what did most alarm him now,
Was that at bottom seem'd a slough.

Doubtful he stood
In thoughtful mood,
When hard by in a brake
A Clown he spied; and thus bespake:
"Is bottom hard of yonder place?"
"Hard, mon?" the clown replied, "Ay, that
it be!"

With nimble pace he then descended,
And up to boots in mud his journey ended,
Swearing at clowns, he storm'd and rag'd his ill,
And wish'd with all his heart the devil had
got 'em;

When out he hawl'd to him upon the hill—
"Did you not rascal say 'twas hard at bottom?"
The clown rejoind'd with broadest grin,
Which he conceived no mortal sin,
"And so it be, I'll meak ye any bet,
But you's not half-ways to the bottom yet!"

SENACAI
Wrote some lines
which he called "The
Irresolute Man;"—they have
been thus translated by an inge-
nious youth, who felt but too sensi-
bly the ill consequences of the folly
described in them:—

THE IRRESOLUTE MAN.

WHILE JACK too long deliberates
Which lot of life 'tis best to draw,
Or arms, or physic, church or law,
And still his choice procrastinates—

Neglected Time with rapid wing
In silence sweeps the listless hours,
Each idly crops life's freshest flowers,
Which knows alas! no second spring:

For soon old age with wintry hands
Shall freeze the current of the soul,
Her ardent energies controul,
And bind the powers in icy bands:

Yet JACK has mem'ry, taste and wit,
In learning prompt, in speaking ready;
But—wav'ring, doubtful, light, unsteady;
For every state is now unfit.

While floating on each wand'ring wave
Of passion, chance, caprice and whim,
Death comes and strait decides for him,
To fix his station in the grave.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superline white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of
the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English-
Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encou-
ragement of his employers to him in the line of his bu-
siness, and assures them that he will to the utmost of
his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pu-
pils, with energy every part of instruction, which
may have a tendency to promote their present and fu-
ture usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs
his employers and the public in general, that he pur-
poses opening an evening School on the first evening of
October next. And conscious of his having reciprocal-
ly discharged his duty to those committed to his care,
in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict
decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of
further liberal encouragement in the line of his bu-
siness. He continues as usual to give lessons to La-
dies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particu-
larly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will
accomplish them in three months. Or can materially
improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c.
on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.